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# The PHONO GRAM

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E L E V E N T H   N U M B E R

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MARCH

1901

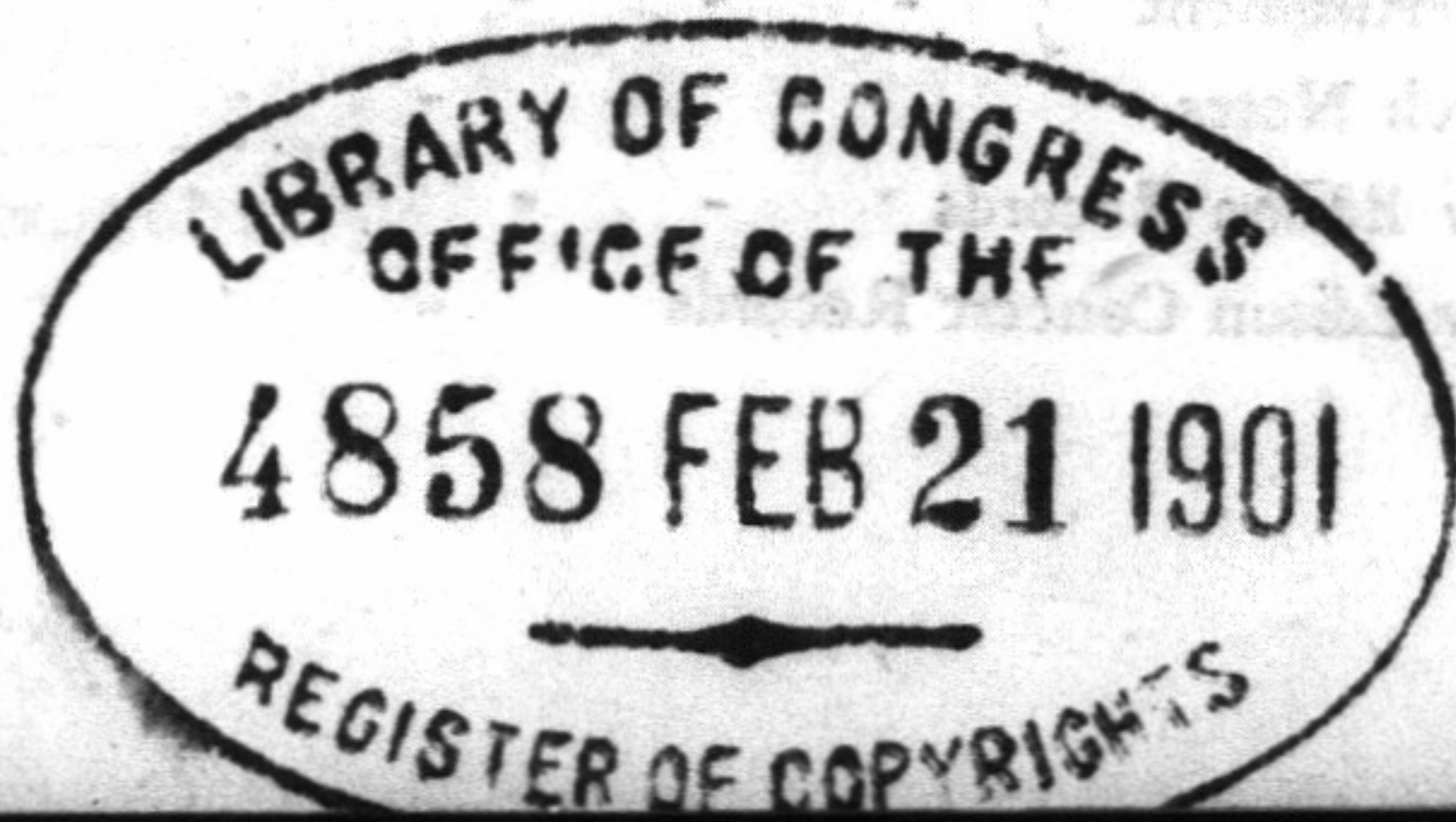


PRINTED MONTHLY *for* THOSE IN-  
TERESTED IN PHONES, GRAPHS,  
GRAMS & SCOPES. DEVOTED  
TO THE ARTS OF RECORDING  
AND REPRODUCING SOUND.

OFFICIAL HANDBOOK *of* THE ORDER *of*  
THE PHONOGRAM.

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Lists *of* New Records, pp. 191 & 192





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# *The* PHONOGRAM

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SUBSCRIPTION THIRTY CENTS A YEAR  
SINGLE NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS

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*Published by* HERBERT A. SHATTUCK  
*at* NUMBER 135 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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## POINTS PERTAINING TO THE USE AND CARE OF THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

By C. W. NOYES.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### *Should the Reproducer not Track.*

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*(Commenced in December number.)*

Trouble is sometimes experienced in the reproducer not "tracking." When this happens the reproducing point does not follow the "track" or groove on the record and the reproduction is at times very faint and indistinct. This trouble is frequently met with in new reproducers which have not received the proper adjustment.

There are numerous reasons for a reproducer failing to track and it is a fault which is very annoying to say the least.

The directions given herewith will enable the reader to remedy this trouble should it exist in his particular reproducer.

The crosshead or metal disc which is cemented to the center of the glass diaphragm should be exactly in the center of the small hole in the center of the limiting

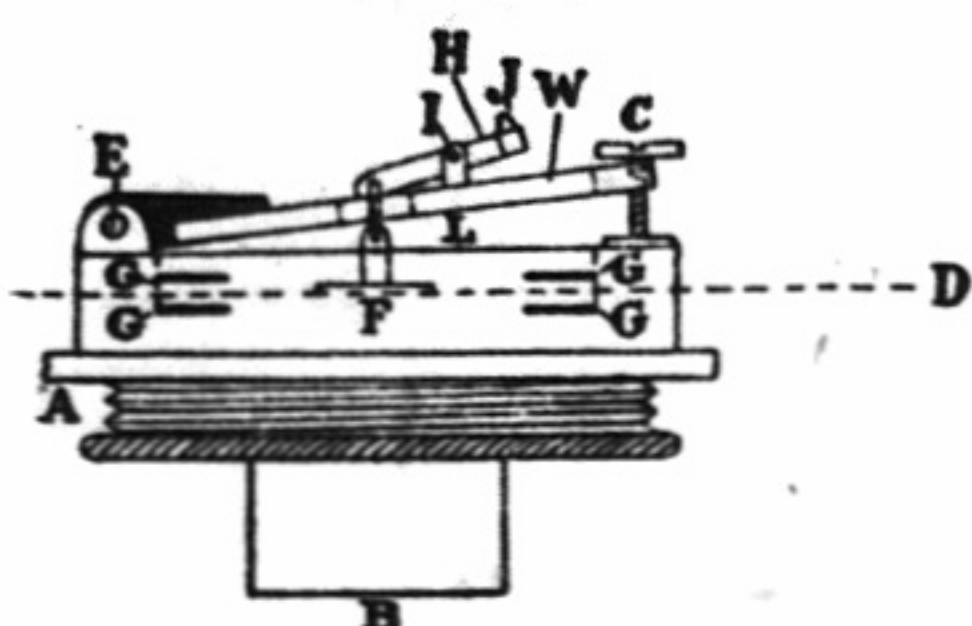
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¶ *Mr. Noyes is the manager of the Phonograph Department of Ilsen & Co., Cincinnati; one of the largest piano and music dealers and publishers in the Central West. His nine years' experience in the business qualify him thoroughly as an advice giver of the top notch. Later on I shall present to my readers a series of papers by the same author on the subject of "How Records are Made and How to Care for them Properly."*—[ED.]

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CROSS SECTION OF  
REPRODUCER.

- A.—Speaker-Clamp-Ring
- B.—Tube-Plate
- C.—Limiting-Screw
- D.—Diaphragm
- E.—Hinge Pin
- F.—Cross-Head
- G.—Rubber Gasket
- H.—Reproducer Arm
- I.—Reproducing Arm Pin
- J.—Sapphire
- K.—Speaker Lever
- L.—Link
- W.—Speaker Weight

weight; the link which is connected thereto should pull or hang straight and in line with the end of the small arm which holds the reproducing point.

The link itself should not be twisted but should set perfectly straight. If it is twisted or not in line with the reproducer stylus arm, it has a tendency to pull the arm to one side or the other and this in turn will cause the reproducing point to jump out of its track.

If you find by examining your reproducer that the cross-head is not in the exact center, it should be loosened and re-set. If it is only a *very little* out of center it may be properly set without loosening it from the glass; as follows:

Remove the clamp ring and tube plate also the upper gasket and loosen the glass (if it adheres to the under gasket) by pushing up on it with a pin from the under side. When it is perfectly free, turn the reproducer upside down. This allows the glass to hang freely by the link; the weight of the glass will cause the link to untwist and the glass will assume its proper position relative to the link and the end of reproducer stylus arm. Now pull up slightly upon the limiting weight. This will draw the glass up against the under gasket and if the weight is held up while the reproducer is turned right side up, the glass



will be in the proper position and the cross head straight with the link and arm.

Replace the tube plate and clamp ring; taking great care not to move the glass while doing so.

The clamp ring should not be screwed too tight; as this puts a tension on the glass and it is liable to buckle or bulge at its center, thus impairing the free action of same.

*(To be continued.)*

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### A GREELEY ANECDOTE.

One day a minister called on Horace Greeley to get a subscription for a temperance society. Greeley was eccentric and curt as usual and would not see the minister, who kept insisting that he would see the editor. Finally, not being able to get in, he called out: "Mr. Greeley, I want to get a subscription from you for this society to prevent people from going to hell."

"Clear out," answered Greeley. "I will not give you a cent. There are not half enough people going to hell now."

ANON.

---

### A DAINY BIBELOT.

WE SAT APART by Eugene Lee; a charming little love poem, quaintly conceived, and written in a manner that will appeal to all—especially lovers. It is choicely printed on hand made deckle edge paper, and is bound in old style wrappers. Price, postpaid, fifty cents. Auguste Giraldi, No. 139 Fifth Avenue, New York City.—*Adv.*



## THE PRINTER

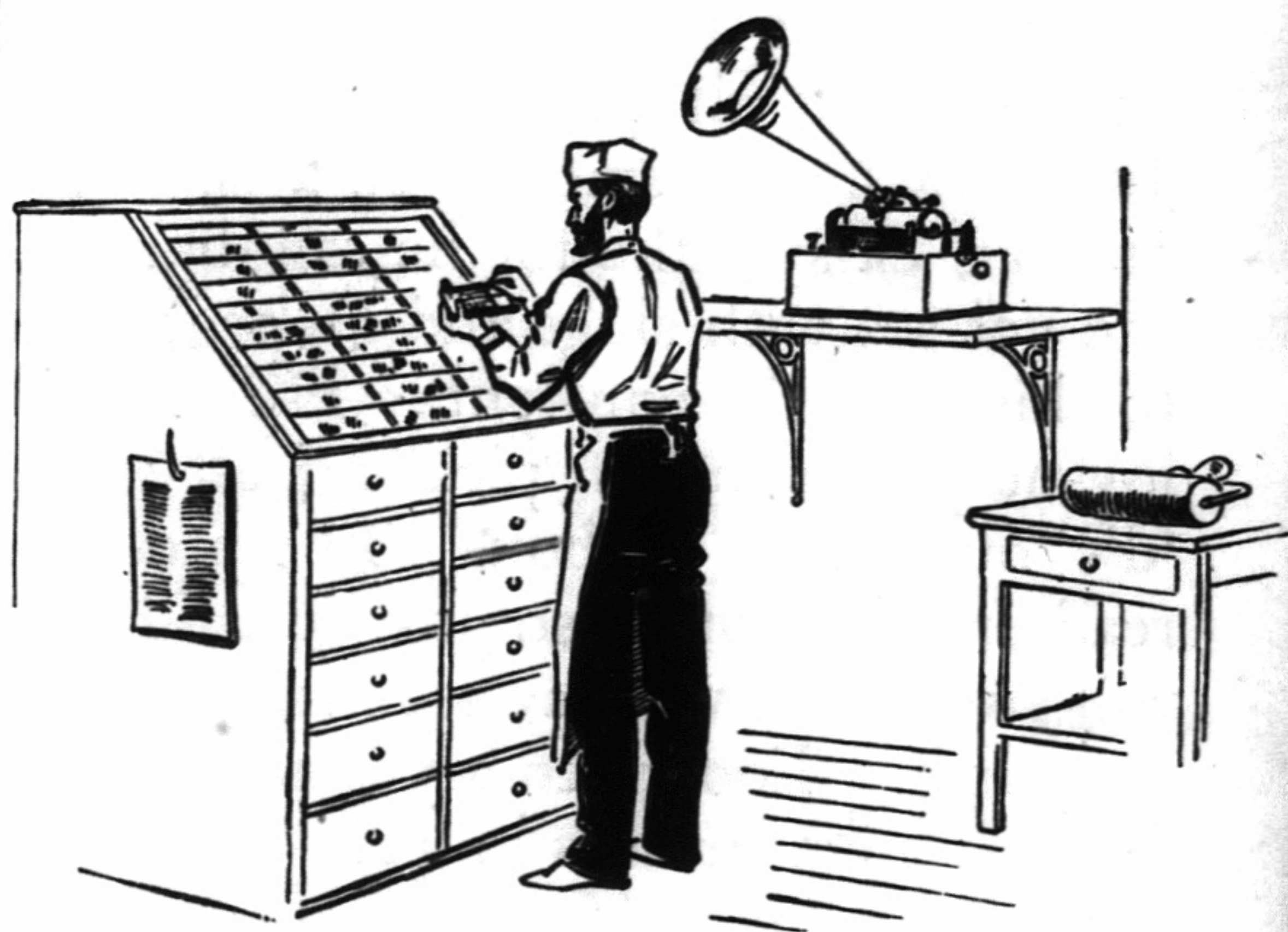
An *Easy One* in plain words for the Children.

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See the man. What is he making? Is he try-ing to do the fif-teen puz-zle? See the Pho-no-graph. Is it play-ing live-ly mu-sic? Is he a ba-ker, ma-king pie with the roll-ing pin or wind-buns with Pho-no-graph airs? No. Lis-ten lit-tle ones. He is a Print-er; a stamp-stack-er, oth-er-wise, a Comp. His name is Slug 6. This is an up-to-date print-ing of-fice. Why? Be-cause the boss sends up cop-y to the com-po-sing room, talk-ed on to Pho-no-graph cyl-in-ders, in-stead of writ-ing it down on pa-per. It is an all-right scheme for a la-zy boss who does not write well. Al-so for a blind Comp. But there are ver-y few blind Comps in the bus-i-ness, lit-er-al-ly speak-ing; al-though, met-a-phor-i-cal-ly, there are man-y man-y Print-ers who have not got their eyes o-pen. The Comp is set-ting type.



## P



P stands for PRINTER

Fast time he doth make

He's not bothered with "copy"

The machine talks the "take."



He holds in his hand a pan, otherwise a com-po-sing stick. I don't know why, but that is real-ly its right name. This Comp is a Fast One. He can set 2000 ems an hour solid min-ion if he wants to but he does not want to all the time. Oh no. Just now he has smouch-ed a po-em. It is an ea-sy take for he can bump the ver-ses with slugs and make it fat to his heart's con-tent. He is so joy-ous that he is pick-ing all the 'd's' out of the 'k' box. The proof-read-er will not be so joy-ous. He will swear and will say it is the Phono-graph. Too much joy is not good for an-y man un-less he pass-es it on to the next one. If the proof-read-er hap-pens to be joy-ous too he will let the po-em go to press just as it is and the Pub-lic will surely share his joy. But how a-bout the Boss? Let us speak of oth-er things. How a-bout the re-flex act-ion on the Comp? Look out Comp. Take a reef in your joy. Bet-ter knock off



work and car-ry the Pho-no-graph home with you and a-muse your friends with some choice Ed-i-son Rec-ords.

---

### THE EDITOR'S MISTAKE.

The editor of a weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for their respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them safely over their teething. No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchards from the myriads of grasshoppers. The editor framed his answers upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed the two names, with the result that No. 1, who was blessed with twins, read, in reply to his query: "cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests, after jumping about in the flames a few minutes, will speedily be settled." While No. 2, plagued with grasshoppers, was told to "Give a little castor oil and rub their gums gently with a bone."—From the *Richmond Star*.

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### ONE DEFINITION OF A PRINTER.

A gentleman, evidently having some knowledge of the printing craft, when asked what a printer was, replied as follows: "A printer is a man possessed of a devil, who, in the distribution often gets pi when he wants phat, which keeps him out of sorts."—From the *Inland Printer*.



## THE PROOFREADER

The proofreader has long shared with the "intelligent compositor" the reputation for the total depravity which has made a writer say "See the pale martyr with shirt on fire," when he wrote "in sheet of fire;" and to ask "Is there no barn in Gilford;" when he meant "Is there no balm in Gilead?"—to speak of his love for "alum water" when he wrote "Alma Mater," and to speak of "a mysterious dispensation of Providence" as a "mysterious disappearance of provisions." The silence of the proofreader has been taken either as evidence of his guilt, or that he was proof against reproofs.

The proofreader is probably the most unanimously imprecated man in the world. It is impossible for him to satisfy anybody, and therefore the sheerest folly for him to expect to please everybody. Through weary hours he must apply himself intensely to matter which does not interest him; he must follow, not mechanically, but with his mind, disquisitions which are quite likely to be highly odious to him. He must correct the numerous blunders of writers, and rectify the manifold embellishments of the intelligent compositor. His information must be large and varied; he must possess an acquaintance with foreign terms in use in the language which he corrects, and must be able to rectify errors in orthography, grammar, geography and history. His task is the most thankless one on earth, for no writer ever admits the possibility of an error on his part preferring to make the proofreader a scapegoat for every fault.—*Printing Press.*



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### A COMMA-CAL MISTAKE.

A lady in Massachusetts had a husband who was about to make a sea voyage, and she wrote a note and gave it to her minister to read next Sunday, in which she meant to say:

“A member of this congregation, going to sea, his wife desires prayers for his safety.” But instead, the minister read it in this manner: “A member of this congregation, going to see his wife, desires prayers for his safety.”

---

### AS OTHERS SEE AND HEAR US.

“One of the strangest things in life,” said an amateur philosopher of Camp street, “is the fact that we never really become acquainted with our physical selves. Here I have been living in this body of mine for nearly fifty years, yet I have no idea how I look, how I hear myself, what sort of an impression I make on the minds of others when they meet me in daily intercourse. I don’t even know how my own voice sounds, although I’ve been listening to it since I can remember. Did you ever hear yourself talk in a Phonograph? No? Well, try it the next time you have a chance, and you will not only be astonished, but, what is still stranger, you will be disappointed—probably a little shocked. Everybody has that experience.

“I supposed that I was perfectly familiar with my own voice and thought, privately, that it was rather agreeable. I had been told so plenty of times by other people, and never knew that they were only ‘jolly’ me until I made a Phonographic ‘record’ and set it grinding. At the first word I jumped back in dismay. ‘Merciful heavens!’ I said to myself, ‘is it possible I talk like that!’” I thought there must be something the matter with the cylinder and



called in a friend to hear it. He grinned with delight. 'That's one of the most natural records I ever heard in my life,' he declared heartily, and I yearned for his gore. But, as I just remarked, everybody who tries the experiment has the same experience. The voice is always absolutely unfamiliar and positively unpleasant. Yet there is a certain something about it that differentiates it from any other voice you ever heard in your life—something indescribable, that gives you a little secret thrill clear down to the soles of your feet. It is the voice of the mysterious body which you inhabit and don't know.

"Seeing one's self is another great surprise," continued the amateur philosopher. "You think you do that every day in your looking glass but you don't. What you see there is a conventional image, a symbol. It stands for you just as certain arbitrary ink scratches stand for your name, and it is handy in showing you where to part your hair and how to tie your cravat; but it doesn't give you any idea of how you would look if you were to meet yourself here on Canal street. It is only by the rarest accident, happening may be twice or thrice in a lifetime, that one gets a glimpse of one's real self. I went one evening with a friend from the North to see a Kinetoscope show, and among the pictures exhibited was an excellent view of an afternoon crowd on Clark street, Chicago. The people came streaming directly toward us, growing very large as they approached the foreground; and the faces were as plain as day. All of a sudden my friend grabbed me by the arm: 'Who is that man?' he gasped in a whisper; 'look quick—that man in that silk hat!' The figure was near the edge of the canvas and recognizable. 'Why, by Jove! that's you!' I replied. 'Good God!' said he."—From the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.



## MR. EDISON'S LABORATORY

By VINCENT VAN M. BEEDE

From "Children of the Wizard" in August number of  
"The American Boy."

---

American boys and girls know and honor the name of Thomas Alva Edison, the greatest living inventor, the Merlin of our day, compared with whom King Arthur's Merlin was an amateur sleight-of-hand performer. "The Wizard of Menlo Park," "the Sage of Llewellyn"—no wonder Edison has been given these titles.

I am not going to write a life of Edison, nor to describe any of his scores of inventions; that task has been well done by a number of people. No; I want to tell you something about two little folks of whom you have heard little or nothing. They are Madeleine and Charles Edison. Madeleine is eleven and Charles nine.

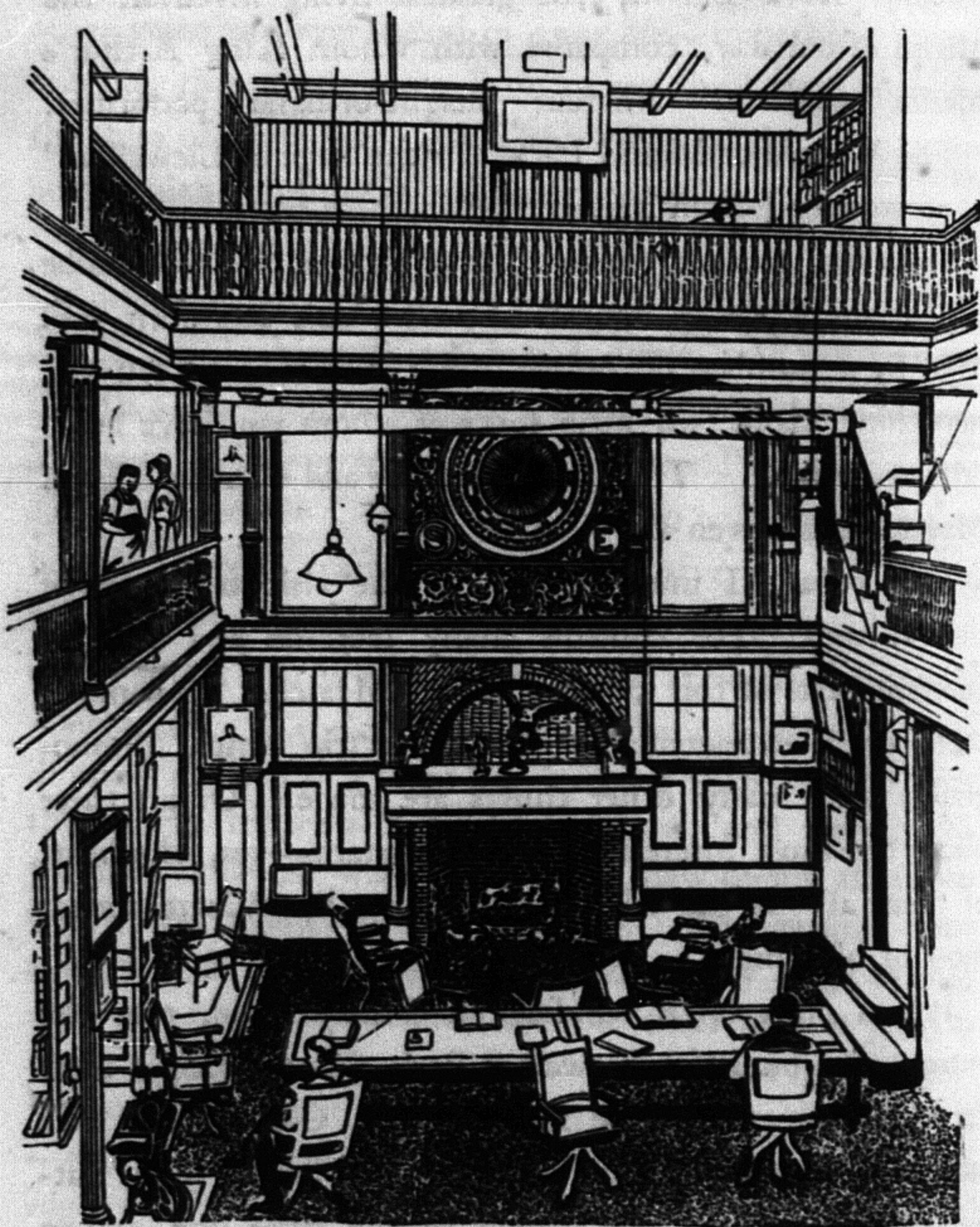
First of all, I must tell you of the visit to the den of the Wizard. He controls many factories and mills in different parts of this country and in Mexico. In some of them ore is extracted; in others, electric lamps, Phonographs and many other things are made. Of all these places the most interesting and important—yes, the heart of them all—is the laboratory, where the Wizard spends most of his time.

It is a plain brick building on Valley Road, near the entrance to beautiful Llewellyn Park, West Orange, New Jersey, where stands the Edison home, Glenmont. The laboratory is two hundred and fifty feet long. Four out-buildings crouch in the shadow of the large one, and on the other side of them has recently been built a huge red



wooden structure where parts of the Phonograph are made. A high picket fence surrounds the buildings, and if you enter the laboratory at all, which is a very difficult matter, it must be through one particular gate.

Charles pressed a button and a grimy woman admitted us. A sign above the gate sets forth that Edison cannot



LIBRARY OF THOMAS A. EDISON.



see people if he is to do justice to his work. There is no kinder-hearted man than he, but if he is to keep forty and more schemes revolving in his head, he must call his time entirely his own. At Menlo Park, New Jersey, where his laboratory used to be, he saw many visitors—more to their benefit than to his.

We had seen the first attendant goblin of the Wizard. The road was strewn with cinders, and the hum and roar of machinery caused me to believe that I was in the yard of a machine shop. I told Charles so.

“So you are,” he answered, “but papa’s laboratory is a good deal more than that.”

Barrels of ore stood about the doors of the outbuildings, and Charles led me to a little shed wherein were shelves of batteries.

“This,” said he, “is our automobile stable. When the ‘auto’ comes down from the house with papa, it can be re-charged here as well as at home.”

“What are in those four smaller buildings?” I inquired.

“O, machines for breaking and testing ore. Papa has a mill at Edison, New Jersey, for extracting ore. There you should see the monster machines that crush boulders weighing tons between their jaws as easily as people chew gum. In these houses they try new ore-breakers. O, I tell you, a good many inventions have been in this laboratory.”

The room at the end of the laboratory facing Valley Road is the very place in which a modern Wizard would be likely to read and think; and yet, as a matter of fact, he has little time to spend in it. Fairy wizards lived in caves, where crocodiles hung from the ceiling and owls



blinked from bookshelf tops, and skulls rested as weights upon open books. This room is forty feet wide and forty feet high. When we entered it, it was running over with sunshine, and so far as light was concerned, there seemed to be little need of "The Genius of Light," a marble figure crushing a gas burner beneath his feet, and holding aloft an incandescent lamp which Charles illuminated by pressing a button on the pedestal.

We were standing in the midst of a family of forty thousand books—a family, because all of them, from the ancient rolls of Egypt and Greece to the latest German work, tell of scientific matters like astronomy, mathematics, chemistry, and I don't know what all. Behind a big desk I wished to find the gray head of the Wizard himself, but in this I was disappointed.

"Papa is everywhere all of the time," said Charles. "One minute he is inspecting Phonographs, the next he is in the machine shop, the next down the street at the wax works or Phonograph factory. He takes an interest in everything that is going on."

A handsomely carved electric clock was set in the wall over a fireplace in which sometimes burns a gas—you thought I was going to say electric—log.

Charles, like the spider in the verses, took me up a winding stair to galleries that surrounded the court. On the gallery shelves were, besides books and magazines, minerals and curios. You should see the collection of gems. They were on exhibition at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Look up the list of precious stones in the "Standard Dictionary" and you will find the names of some of the many gems that we saw. All the colors of



the rainbow winked at us in the sunlight. A piece of sulphide of antimony weighs thirty pounds, and a meteorite from Mexico 1,470 pounds more. This odd "piece of a star" looked like a miniature Giants's Causeway constructed of pencil lead.

Downstairs Charles showed me the electric organ and called my attention to a sheet rolled up over the fireplace.

"Once in a while," explained the little boy, "we have pictures thrown on the screen from an electric magic lantern."

The storeroom next the library is the Wizard's big pocket. You know how many odds and ends a boy can cram into his pocket without hurting the "merchandise." Edison's big pocket has in it a little of almost everything. The storeroom is filled with cases of drawers; these drawers are all plainly labeled and are crammed with whatever, from tacks to badger skins, the Wizard or his two hundred laboratory employes may find useful in making a brand new thing, or in improving an old one. Crystals, shells, spices and chalk worth not very much, rub elbows with chemicals valued at three hundred dollars an ounce. Fabrics, skins, iron tubing, paper, oils, leather—mention some of the things that aren't there, and Charles will inform his papa of your discovery. The filament in incandescent lights is the fibre of a certain bamboo. Edison tried hundreds of substances before he found this one to be the most lasting running track for the electrical current. So you see it is worth while to save odds and ends—if you are to be a genius. Edison began his collection as a boy in his mother's cellar. But, there! I said I was not going to write a life of Edison.



Behind the storeroom is the lower machine shop. If I were able, I would tell you what some of those drilling, cutting, rolling and smoothing machines are meant exactly to do. They are giants of strength, are those machines, for metal, instead of wood is what they transform into machinery which will help to build Phonographs, to crush ore, and so on. That fly wheel that turns the machinery that makes other machinery that makes—(this sounds as though I were writing another “Old Woman and Pig” story) is made to turn by hissing furnaces downstairs. How the furnaces do stare at one out of their red eyes! Back of the furnaces and the machinery is—the Wizard.

It was a Saturday afternoon and most of the employes were enjoying a half holiday. Not so, Edison. He seldom nowadays works twenty hours at a stretch, as was once his custom; but he is still extremely busy.

Charles tried to pull us up on the elevator, but the power had been turned off. On the next floor was a little room where blue prints as large as a kitchen table are rolled out of a window on a track to be printed. Plans for inventions and working parts are copied on blue prints for the convenience of the workmen who are to make the models and the finished thing. In other rooms original plans are drawn from the sketches of Edison and his associates.

In the upper machine shop men were turning on a lathe what appeared to be big brass napkin rings. What they were, I'm sure I don't know. The Wizard's den is as full of secrets as you are of mischief and questions. And the secrets I stumbled upon I must not so much as hint at. I hope, therefore, you will pardon me if I don't quite satisfy your curiosity.



The precision department contains many marvelous machines—some of them of Edison's invention—for measuring fractions of an inch, and smelling smells and hearing sounds that no human nose nor ear can distinguish. The names of most of these machines end in "ometer." Just to look at the delicate parts increased my awe at the wisdom of the Wizard.

A blind person can almost see, one would judge, when the lamps in the testing room are lit. Here they are hung, glowing like my lady's necklace, until there is no doubt of the strength of glass and filaments. If there is stray air in a bulb—bang!—the glass is shivered to powder, and the operator feels thankful that no customer will have cause to complain of poor lamps. Barrels of bulbs awaiting test were standing in the hallway.

In a room on the third floor, Phonograph cylinders used to "drink in" sounds of voices and musical instruments; but now, the recording is carried on in the Phonograph establishment, over in the huge red barn.

"That sofa you see through the door," said Charles "is where papa rests. Often he is here until late at night."

Even Wizards grow tired?

---

## TEACHING PARROTS BY PHONOGRAPH.

"The Phonograph has been put to a lot of strange uses since its invention," said a bird fancier of this city, "but to nothing queerer, I believe, than teaching parrots to talk. That is being done at present by a dealer in Philadelphia, and as soon as I can get hold of the apparatus I am going



to try it myself. A young fellow who formerly worked in my shop described the scheme to me in detail. It seems that he secured what is called a 'switch-back' Phonograph, which was constructed as an experiment for a school of languages. It had a simple attachment that pushed back the cylinder at the end and started it over again automatically, the idea being to fix certain foreign phrases in the memory of the scholars by constant repetition. The dealer now prepares a record containing some sentence or expression which he desires to teach his birds, groups several cages about the mouth of the horn and sets the thing going. It has an electric motor, and keeps on grinding out that one phrase all day long. He uses a small vacant room for the purpose, so there is nothing to distract the parrots' attention, and merely locks the door and goes about his business, leaving the machine to do the rest. The young man told me that the plan proved a perfect success and the birds learned their lesson in about one-tenth the time that is usually required to drill anything into their heads. Moreover, they would pick up phrases the ordinary length, and the monotonous reiteration seemed to fix the words thoroughly in their memory. He said that several parrots that had never before been able to talk soon learned by the new method, and that there was not a single case in which it failed. I have the address of the man who made the 'switch-back' machine, and I am going to try to get him to build one for me. From the description, it cannot be very expensive. When I secure it I propose to turn out some educated parrots that will astonish the city."—From the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.



## THE REVERIE OF A PHONOGRAPH.

I am an Edison Phonograph. I was invented and planned way back in 1877 by Thomas A. Edison down in Menlo Park, N. J. It was he and he alone who invented me. Some people have an idea that the credit for my existence belongs to others. Somebody has said that Mr. Bell thought of me first because he had a year or so before that invented his telephone. It is not so; I belong to Thomas A. Edison and no one else. Some people go further back than that and say it was Cros or Scott, simply because they happened to make certain discoveries in this line a few years before. This is nonsense. You might just as well give old Amenophis III. of Egypt the credit, because he caused the talking statue of Memnon to be set up, about fifteen hundred years B. C. You might just as well give some unknown boy, watching the cover of his mother's tea-kettle bob up and down, the credit for the invention of the steam engine—instead of Watt, who, seeing what thousands had seen before him, was the *first* to make practical application of the expansive power of steam. You might just as well give the credit of the sewing machine to some unknown Persian weaver, rather than to Elias Howe, who, seeing and doing what thousands had done before him, with the eye of a needle in its *point*, first applied the principle to a sewing machine. You might just as well put the architect of a house on the top shelf, simply because the man putting the finishing touches on the roof added a waterspout here and a gutter there. No, the credit of a house belongs to the architect—the sewing machine belongs to Elias Howe—the steam engine to James Watt—and the credit of the Phonograph belongs to Thomas A. Edison.



I will tell you the way I happened to be made. Mr. Edison has always been interested in the telegraph. At one time in his life he was an operator, and what he don't know about telegraphy isn't worth knowing. He was at work on an automatic machine to repeat the dots and dashes of a telegraph instrument. He had a long strip of paper on which there were impressions of dots and dashes. This strip made a humming noise as it passed swiftly under the tracing point of the receiving machine—a musical, buzzing sound like conversation heard from a distance. A day or two previous Mr. Edison had also been experimenting with a telephone disc, and while talking into it the pointed pin on the diaphragm pricked his finger. These two happenings immediately suggested the recording of speech and its reproduction. A rough sketch was immediately made and handed to one of his master workmen. A day or two later the model was brought to Mr. Edison. He turned the handle slowly and repeated these words through the receiver upon the tin foil-covered roll :

“Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow.”

Then he started the machine going, expecting at the best but a hollow murmur in reply, but the machine repeated the familiar old rhyme in clear tones and loud enough to be heard all over the room. This identical machine is now in the Patent Museum at South Kensington, London, and this is the story of the first Phonograph.

I could talk to you for hours, telling you how Mr. Edison has improved me from time to time and how he has watched me grow since 1877. First, I was turned by



---

hand; then, in 1887, by electricity. In 1890 I had a water-motor attachment, and also was run by a foot treadle. In 1895 the first clockwork Phonograph was made, called the Spring Motor. Then followed the Home, the Standard and the Gem, all running by clockwork. Last of all came the Concert Phonograph, the best and biggest of them all. I am an Edison Phonograph, do you hear me? You can tell by listening to me that what I have told you is true—every word of it. I am known all over the country, from Halifax to San Diego, and from New Orleans to the Klondike. And everywhere I go I sing the praises of the man who made me—

THOM-AS- A- ED-I-SON.

---

### THE MAKING OF A RECORD.

I shall never forget my first attempt in this direction. Everything was nicely arranged; our pieces were carefully selected and positions taken, according to directions of Mr. Openeer (have you formed his acquaintance?). Well, we started the blank record on its journey, and as Pater, I had the first inning. I shall always look back to the moment when I stepped up to the Horn, with a genteel contempt for myself when I looked into the cavernous depths of that instrument. My carefully prepared piece had fled, and I stood literally dumb “go on” whispered the Mater “go on.” Go on to *what* thought I; go on to what? but gathering courage I managed to say “The Phonograph is a great institution,” and there I *stuck*, “go on” said the wife, and I did by saying “only a woman can rescue me from this dilemma”



and I stepped aside, and gave way to the partner of my joys and sorrows. The brave woman came forward with determination in her eye; but alas! alas! she could only mutter "It's too absurd," and began to laugh—then the sister began her inning—it was a short one; for all she could say was "Is'nt it silly" and stepped to the rear. Then came a young lady; she looked in the depths of that awful horn, and stammered out "you horrid thing, you frighten one." It is needless to say, that record was fearfully and wonderfully made. Since then we have made many but none like number one.

How many of the readers of the PHONOGRAM have had a similar experience?

ADIRONDACK.

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### THE PHONOGRAPH CRAZE IN LONESOME-HURST.

Sububs—Say, George, I'll trade you "Home, Sweet Home" for "The Sidewalks of New York!"

Swamphurst—Not on your life, you won't! But I'll swap you "The Sweet Bye and Bye" for it.—*Brooklyn Life.*



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## THE PHONOGRAPH AS AN AID TO DIPLOMATS.

Captain S. E. Smiley, of the Fifteenth Regiment, United States Infantry, who recently arrived from the Philippines, announces the curious news that a Phonograph was the determining factor that induced the Sultan of Sulu to sign the treaty with the United States when all other expedients had failed. Captain Smiley says :

“ We made the trip from Manila to the islands on the cruiser Charleston, which has since been lost. It happened that we had a Phonograph along. When we reached the home of the Sultan, we invited him to come aboard our ship and sent a cutter and guard to escort him. He accepted the invitation, and after everybody had taken their positions on deck under a cool awning, General Bates stated the object of the conference, and formal negotiations were begun.

“ I shall never forget the picturesque sight presented by the Sultan and his court. Their attire consisted chiefly of bracelets, feathers and ivory ornaments, but as the day was warm the garb seemed peculiarly appropriate. We succeeded in making the Sultan understand our mission in a measure through the services of an interpreter, but he seemed suspicious and acted as if he wanted us to do something to convince him of our power.

“ After the treaty had been drafted we tried all kinds of schemes to get the Sultan to sign it so as to conclude the negotiations, but without success. He seemed friendly enough throughout our talk, but he adopted a dilatory policy for some reason or other. Finally somebody thought



of the Phonograph which was stowed away in the cabin of the ship, and it was brought on deck. It was set in position, the big funnel adjusted, the cylinder made to revolve and in a moment all thought of diplomatic matters was forgotten.

“The strains of ‘All Coons Look Alike to Me’ and other rag-time ditties rolled out of the funnel attached to the instrument and were wafted seaward. The effect of the music on the Sultan was magical. He was surprised beyond expression. The music caused a panic among members of his party, who thought the instrument a device of the devil, and threw themselves on the deck and prayed loudly all the while the concert was in progress.

“The Sultan made a careful examination of the instrument and shook his head in astonishment. Finally he was allowed to talk into the machine in his native tongue, and his surprise was even more pronounced when a moment later the words he had spoken were repeated through the funnel to the consternation of his court.

“This pleased the Sultan greatly and he asked if he could send a message to the Governor of one of his islands, 200 miles away. We told him he could and he spoke a series of orders into the machine. He signed the treaty before we left and we had no end of amusement later exhibiting the machine with the Sultan’s speech to the different Governors and subordinate officials. They recognized his voice in an instant and were thrown into a state of terror every time we set the machine working.”—From the *Philadelphia North American*.



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MONTHLY

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Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



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¶ This month my Sub-Editor is a Black Bird ; and here is an important writing taken from the Scroll which my birds always carry in their beaks : Every Subscriber to THE PHONOGRAM hereafter will receive *all* new catalogues and pamphlets and booklets and posters that are issued by the *National Phonograph Company*. Every Subscriber, therefore, will be regularly and thoroughly posted on every thing new relating to Edison Phonographs and Edison Records.

¶ Editor of the Phonogram,

Dear Sir : —I am very much interested in your little paper which I receive monthly. You might like to know about an experiment that I recently tried, with my Home Phonograph. I played it Sunday morning, as is my custom, and while making a singing record, it occurred to me to sing a second part directly over what I had sung already. After singing the air of "Sweet and Low" I brushed the record and started the recorder back at the beginning. The moment I heard the first note faintly sounded by the sapphire point, I sang the tenor part, and having completed this, I again brushed the record and started the recorder again at the beginning, and sang the bass part over the previous records. I then changed the recorder for the reproducer and listened for the result.

To say that I was astonished is to draw it mild ; for surely enough my own voice came back to me, clear and distinct, singing three parts. The harmony was remarkable and there was very little blasting. I tried the experiment over again, paying particular attention to the time, and also corrected the blasting by singing the air quite close to the horn ; and the tenor, which is higher and shriller, through a handkerchief which I had thrown over the horn. Not



only was it very interesting to me, but to all my friends who have since heard it, and I intend to work at it until I get a perfect record of the three parts with my own voice.

I would suggest to anyone who tries this, to hold the first note rather long, to enable the singer to start the second and third parts in perfect time, as of course the start is the most important.

If you care to publish this, I shall be very pleased to hear of the results of others trying the experiment, through your magazine; as I, for one would like to see the PHONOGRAM a large monthly, through the medium of which all Phonograph owners can exchange their different experiences. Yours very truly,

T. FREDERIC KREY.

¶ One Smith also sends me a very interesting communication; which I will publish later, giving his initials and habitat; thus raising him from the semi-obscurity occupied by holders of that name, to a notch in the PHONOGRAM's Hall of Fame. Mr. Smith has designs on the *Order of the Phonogram*. He ends up his letter as follows: "Perhaps this effort to take an additional step into the ORDER may not be successful. If so, place it in the waste-basket." Not so my dear Smith; your letter is too good to feed to my waste-basket. Instead I'll hand it to one of my Editorial Birds. But as to the *Order of the Phonogram*, you have taken down only two of the three bars of the Gate of Admission. See October Bird Notes. You are already a Subscriber; you have submitted an acceptable Theme—Now gather together Five Kindred Spirits who desire whole-heartedly to become PHONOGRAM subscribers and send me their names (each with 30 cents attached).



This lets down the third bar of the Gate and you become a full Member of the ORDER, entitled to a Badge, a Certificate in purple, gold and black on fine vellum and all Theoretical Advantages bestowable by the ORDER.

## NEW EDISON RECORDS.

|       |                                                                                                                                   |         |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| 7720  | Emmett's Yodle Song "Papa's Baby Boy"                                                                                             | W       |
| 7721  | The Shade of the Palms <i>Sentimental song</i>                                                                                    | Sta     |
| 7722  | Dancing with ma Baby <i>Schottische. Band</i>                                                                                     | E       |
| 7723  | O Shining Light <i>Sacred. Band with cornet solo</i>                                                                              | E       |
| 7724  | Barn Dance <i>from Floradora. Orchestra</i>                                                                                       | P       |
| 7725  | Floradora March                                                                                                                   | " P     |
| 7726  | Fiddle-de-dee March                                                                                                               | " P     |
| 7727  | Sweetheart, I love none but you <i>Sentimental song</i>                                                                           | Sta     |
| 7728  | Dolly Grey                                                                                                                        | " " Nat |
| 7729  | My Jersey Lily <i>with Dance.</i>                                                                                                 | " " Q   |
| 7730  | Ave Maria <i>Gounod. Sacred song</i>                                                                                              | Hoo     |
| 7731  | In the house of too much trouble <i>Sentimental song</i>                                                                          | Har     |
| 7732  | Come all ye Faithful <i>Violin, imitation organ</i>                                                                               | D'Al    |
| 7733  | Chinee Sojer Man <i>Song. Jas. T. Powers</i><br><i>hit in "San Toy"</i>                                                           | Du      |
| 7734  | Too Late <i>Song with orchestra accompaniment</i>                                                                                 | Fi      |
| 7735  | I'll be your Sweetheart <i>Sentimental song</i>                                                                                   | Fi      |
| 7736  | Down by the Riverside <i>Serio comic song</i>                                                                                     | N       |
| 7737  | The Man behind the Gun <i>Recitation</i>                                                                                          | Ken     |
| 7738  | I am waiting here for Julia <i>Comic song</i>                                                                                     | Du      |
| 7739  | A Picture without a Frame <i>Sentimental song</i>                                                                                 | Mac     |
| 7740  | Cindy, I dreams about you, <i>sung in Peter</i><br><i>Dailey's Hodge, Podge &amp; Co.,</i><br><i>with orchestra accompaniment</i> | Co      |
| 7741  | Where the Mississippi flows <i>Sentimental song</i>                                                                               | Na      |
| 12149 | Las Campanos de Carrion <i>Spanish song</i>                                                                                       | Va      |
| 12150 | Cancion de Amor <i>Spanish song, Boccaccio</i>                                                                                    | Va      |
| 12151 | El Relampago <i>Spanish song, Tango</i>                                                                                           | Va      |
| 12152 | Serenata de los Meridos <i>Boccaccio</i>                                                                                          | Va      |



## NEW EDISON RECORDS (*Concluded*).

|       |                          |                           |                     |    |
|-------|--------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------|----|
| 12153 | Nina Pancha              | <i>Habanera</i>           | Spanish song        | Va |
| 12154 | Cancion del Ruisvenor    | "                         | "                   | Va |
| 12155 | Yo Quiero un Besito      | "                         | "                   | Va |
| 12156 | Romanza                  | <i>El Juramento.</i>      | "                   | Va |
| 12157 | Serenata                 | <i>Dona Juanita.</i>      | "                   | Va |
| 12158 | Zanga                    | <i>Toros de Puntos.</i>   | "                   | Va |
| 12159 | Vals, Las Golondrinas    | <i>De Madrid a Paris.</i> |                     |    |
|       | <i>Spanish song</i>      |                           |                     | Va |
| 12160 | Si tu me amaras          |                           | <i>Spanish song</i> | Va |
| 12161 | Cancion del Ciego        | <i>Cadix.</i>             | "                   | Va |
| 12162 | Ultimo Adios             | <i>Schubert.</i>          | "                   | Va |
| 12163 | Madrid Viego             | <i>Bolero</i>             | "                   | Va |
| 12164 | Biss'l schwarz und weiss | <i>German comic song</i>  | Got                 |    |

## NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS.

|       |                                                        |                                               |                              |     |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|------------------------------|-----|
| B 560 | Selections from "The Rogers Bros." in<br>Central Park" | <i>Introducing Reuben and<br/>the Duchess</i> | <i>Orchestra</i>             | P   |
| B 561 | I can't tell why I love you, but I do                  | <i>Sentimental Song</i>                       |                              | Mac |
| B 562 | Medley of College Songs                                | <i>Quartette</i>                              |                              | EQ  |
| B 563 | Vesper Service                                         | "                                             |                              | EQ  |
| B 564 | Dancing with ma Baby                                   | <i>Schottische.</i>                           | <i>Band</i>                  | E   |
| B 565 | Lam, Lam, Lam,                                         |                                               | <i>Coon song</i>             | Co  |
| B 566 | Blue Bells of Scotland                                 |                                               | <i>Clarinet</i>              | Tu  |
| B 567 | The Farmer Boy Song and Whistling Chorus               |                                               |                              | Bel |
| B 568 | A Widow's plea for her son                             | <i>Song.</i>                                  | <i>Parody</i>                | Den |
| B 569 | Sons of the Sea                                        |                                               | <i>Song</i>                  | Har |
| B 570 | When the harvest days are over                         | <i>Sent'l song</i>                            | "                            |     |
| B 571 | Shultz on Temperance                                   |                                               | <i>Recitation</i>            | Ken |
| B 572 | The tale of the kangaroo                               |                                               | <i>Comic song</i>            | Du  |
|       | <i>from the Burgomaster</i>                            |                                               |                              |     |
| B 573 | Chinee sojer man from San Toy                          | <i>Comic song</i>                             |                              | Du  |
| B 574 | Gloria from Mozart's 12th Mass                         |                                               | <i>Band</i>                  | E   |
| B 575 | Home Sweet Home                                        |                                               | <i>Song</i>                  | Mac |
| B 576 | Vacant chair                                           |                                               | <i>Band with cornet solo</i> | E   |